

Coopers' Clarksbury Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER, J.

"WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—Jackson.

(EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.)

VOL. IV.—NO. 48.

CLARKSBURG, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3d, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 204.

TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksbury Register is published in Clarksbury, Va., every Wednesday morning, at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or at the expiration of six months from the time of subscribing; after which \$2.50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be received for a less period than six months.

No paper will be discontinued except at the option of the proprietor, until all arrearages are paid up—and those who do not order their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

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A TALE OF A TEA-KETTLE.

On a winter's evening, nearly one hundred years ago, the tea board was laid out, and the window curtains closely drawn, in the humble parlor of a small house in the town of Greenock, in the west of Scotland. A tidy, active matron was bustling about, slicing the bread and the butter; a blazing fire gleamed and roared in the grate, and curled round the black sides of the kettle which reposed in the midst of it; and the fire crackled, and the water boiled with a faintly popping sound, and a stream of white vapor came whizzing out of the spout of the kettle with a shrill, cheery hiss. Now the matron aforesaid saw nothing extraordinary in all this; kettles had boiled, and fires had burned from the beginning, and probably would do so to the end of the chapter.

As the matron stooped to pour the boiling liquid in the tea-pot, her son James, a boy of twelve summers, sat on a low bench in front of the fire, his elbows resting on his knees, whilst his hands, placed under his chin, supported his head. The boy was intently gazing at the fire, the kettle, and the steam; swallowing them with his eyes, absorbed in deep thoughts, and lost in contemplation. The boy looked at the fire, and the mother at the boy. "Was there ever such an idle n'er d'weel in this warl, as our Jamie?" was the question which, almost unconsciously, she proposed to herself.

A Mrs. B—, stepped in at this moment, when turning to her visitor, Jamie's mother said, "Mrs. B—, did you ever see the likes of our Jamie? Look at him: he'll sit there for hours, staring at the kettle and the steam, till you wad think his een wad come o't o' his head!"

And, truth to tell, there was something peculiar in the glance of the boy's eye; there was mind—active, speaking mind—looking through it. He seemed as one who gazed on a wondrous vision, and whose every sense was bound up in the display of gorgeous pageantry floating before him. He had sat watching the escaping steam until the thin vaporous column had appeared to cast itself upward in fantastic, changing shapes; sometimes the subtle fluid, gathering in force and quantity, would gently raise one side of the lid of the kettle, emit a white puff, and then let the metal fall with a low clanking sound. There was power and strength in that watery cloud; and as the dreaming boy saw this, an unbidden thought came into his mind, and he knew that the fierce struggle was symbolic of intellect warring with the elements of Providence.

And still he gazed, and saw in his days' dreams ships sailing w'nd or sail, weapons propelled o' our deserts wild by some power unseen to mortal eye.

"Jamie, Jamie," exclaimed his mother, "sit by to your tea. If I find ye staring at the fire again, ye'll feel the wight o' my hand."

The boy rose meekly, and did as he was told. His name was James Watt, afterwards Sir James. He was honored by the title of knighthood, being the first who applied the powers of steam to any useful purpose.

The above anecdote is literally true.—Watt was born in 1736. This incident occurred when he was in his twelfth year. He was the son of a poor tradesman in Greenock, and probably had never read a book—the spelling-book and the Bible excepted.

PERCUSSION PUZZLE.—The following paragraph, extracted from the Portland Transcript, is a capital illustration of the importance of punctuation. There are two ways of pointing it, one of which makes the individual in question a monster of wickedness, while the other converts him into a model Christian. Let our readers exercise their ingenuity on the problem and see whether they can discover its two-fold solution:

"He is an old experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of the neighborhood he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow-creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no exertions to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to Heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of Reward."

"Mr. Jones don't you think that marriage is a means of grace?" "Certainly; anything is a means of grace that breaks up pride, and leads to repentance," came close with a broom-handle.

"My gracious—speak—what is it? Your wife is dead."

Oh, dear how you frightened me, I thought the neighbors pigs had broke into my garden and destroyed my inguns.

An old lady, being at a loss for a piousness made one of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

From the Friend of China, March 14th.

Execution of Rebels at Canton.

In our remarks on the retirement of the rebels from Sunchow, it is stated that the thousands of men brought to Canton as prisoners are now being decapitated at the rate of one hundred and fifty a day. That was the number, we are told, executed on Saturday last, a spectacle to which we were witness. The Canton execution ground has been before described in this journal, and for all our readers it is not necessary to repeat that it is situated about 100 yards from the river, at a distance of two miles or so below the factories. The ground is oblong, about 150 feet in length, the entrance of the side nearest the river being about six feet. This is closed with bars during practical operations. At the grand entrance the ground is about 20 feet wide. On the right hand, doorways open to several oven and tile manufactories.

As we approached the execution grounds many were met with hands to their nostrils, or with their tails tied around their faces for the purpose of avoiding the horrid stench, which could literally be 'felt' at a considerable distance. The ground was covered with partially dried gore, the result of the past day's work. There are no drains to take the blood away, nor is any substance used to slake it. One man was found digging holes for two crosses, on which he said four were to be tied and cut to pieces.

The execution had been fixed for noon. At 11½, half a dozen men arrived with knives, preceded by banners of rough deal wood boxes, decorated with bloody sides. These were the coffins. Unconcerned was the general appearance of the soldiers and spectators, of whom altogether there may have been one hundred and fifty. The day was dull, a fresh breeze from the eastward carried the stench away from foreigners, who, to the number of a dozen, had obtained admittance to the top of one of the houses on the far side of the street passing the entrance to the 'field of blood.' At 11½, the first batch of ten prisoners arrived, specifically followed by the rest in similar quantities. Each prisoner having his hands tied behind his back, and labeled on the tail, appeared to have been thrust down in a wicker basket, over which his chained legs dangled loosely, the body riding up comfortably, and marked with a long paper tally pasted to a slip of bamboo thrust between the prisoner's back and his jacket. These "man-baskets," slung with small cords, were carried on bamboo, slung on the shoulders of two men. As the prisoners arrived each was made to kneel with his face to the South. In the space of about 20 feet by 12 we counted as many as 70, ranged in a half dozen rows.

At five minutes to 12, a white buttoned mandarin arrived, and the two to be first cut to pieces, were tied to the crosses. While looking at this frightful process, the executioner came forward, and 20 or 30 must have been heard, as before we were aware of it. The only sound to be heard was the horrid cheep—cheep—cheep as the knives fell. One blow was sufficient for each—the head tumbled between the legs of the victim before it. As the sword falls the blood-gushing trunk springs forward, falls on the breast, and is still forever.

In four minutes the decapitation was complete; and then on the other victims commenced the barbarity which to think of only is sufficiently barbaric. With a short sharp knife a slice was cut out from under each arm. A low, suppressed, fearful groan from each followed the operation of the weapon. Dexterous as butchers, a slice was taken successively by the operators from the calves and thighs, and then from each breast. We may suppose, we may hope that by this time the sufferers were insensible to pain—but they were not dead.

The knife was then stuck into the abdomen, which was ripped up to the breast-bone, and the blade was twisted round and round as the heart was separated from its holding. Up to this moment, having set eyes upon the victim under torture, they had become fixed as by fascination; but they could be riveted there no longer. A whirling sensation ran through the brain, and it was with difficulty, we could keep ourselves from falling. But this was not all; the lastings were then cut and the head, being tied by the tail to a limb of the cross, was severed from the body, which was dismembered of hands and arms, feet and legs separately. After this the mandarins left the ground, to return however, with a man and woman; the latter, it is said, the wife of one of the rebel chiefs—the man a leader of some rank. The woman was cut up in the way we have described; for the man a more horrible punishment was decreed. He was flayed alive. We did not see this, but it was witnessed by the Sergeant of Marines of the United States, J. P. Kennedy—the cry after the first insertion of the knife across the forehead, and the pulling of the flesh over the eyes being most horrible.

The last case of indolence is related in one of our exchanges. It is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that in writing his name, he simply used the letter J., and punched a hole through the paper!

Friend Jones prepare yourself for the news.

My gracious—speak—what is it? Your wife is dead.

Oh, dear how you frightened me, I thought the neighbors pigs had broke into my garden and destroyed my inguns.

An old lady, being at a loss for a piousness made one of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

SPARKING SUNDAY NIGHT.

Sitting in the corner,
On a Sunday eve,
With a taper finger
Resting on your sleeve,
Star-lit eyes are casting
On your face their light;
Bless me! this is pleasant—
Sparking Sunday night!

How your heart is thumping
'Gainst your Sunday vest—
How wickily 'tis working
On this day of rest;
Hours seem but minutes
As they take their flight;
Bless me! 'tis pleasant—
Sparking Sunday night!

Dad and Mam are sleeping
On their peaceful bed,
Dreaming of the things
The folks in morning said,
'Love yeons another!'—
Ministers recite;
Bless me! 'tis pleasant—
Sparking Sunday night!

One arm, with gentle pressure,
Lingers round her waist,
You speeze her dimpled hand,
Her pointing lips you taste;
She freely slaps your face,
But more in love than spite;
O, thander! 'tis pleasant—
Sparking Sunday night!

But hark! the clock is striking—
It's two o'clock, I sum,
Assure as I'm a sinner,
The hour to go has come;
You ask, with spiteful accents,
If 't' old clock is right,
And wonder if it ever
Sparkled on a Sunday night.

One, two, three sweet kisses,
Four, five, six you lose—
But, thinking that you rob her,
Give back the two you took;
Then, as forlorn you hurry
From the old one's sight,
Don't you wish each day was
Only Sunday night!

THE TWELVE LUCKY DERVISES.

Translated from The Hungarian.

Numbers of devout dervises go up every year to the larger cities of the Ottoman empire. They are especially fond of Constantinople. A year does not pass in which they do not appear in this holy city. Some come from Persia, others from Asia Minor, others again from Bagdad and elsewhere. Here they surround themselves with a cloud of piety and poverty, and remind the inhabitants of Constantinople how noble is their calling, how great their purity and virtue, how exalted their holiness, because they go clothed in rags about the streets of Constantinople begging alms.

In the year 1846 it happened that greater crowds than usual, of these holy guests, came to Constantinople. They were well aware that the more of the same kind there were, the more scantily would be the gifts of the devout to be shared by individuals. Nevertheless they came in flocks to Constantinople, and several hundred were assembled there at once. A stranger might have supposed the came to defend the city against a foreign army. The brotherhood of Islam had arrived the first. So long as these were alone, they got along tolerably well, but matters afterwards went worse.

On a certain Sunday, Usseine, the oldest of the company, addressed his assembled brethren, and began to complain, in a voice interrupted by weeping. "My brothers, we are twelve orthodox Mussulmans. You see for yourselves how black this year is to us; three days have passed without one having collected a para or dinar. There is no longer any true belief among the Turks—people have no longer any sympathy for us; everything is cold. Have you heard what has happened at Warns and Rostindza? Have you heard how the Franks oppose our belief? Are not the dervises under the especial punishment of God and his prophet Mahomet, who is angry with the Mussulman of the present day? Do you not see how the Turks parade in Frank pantaloons? Shall these things prosper? No, no, the Turkish faith is decaying."

"Listen, my brethren, my deplorable companions, listen to me; we must separate—one go here, another there, to seek our livelihood. We will go further and leave Constantinople behind us to the anger of God. The Alacavise will avenge us on the dwellers in Constantinople, and repay them for their parsimony to us and the Turkish faith."

His speech was interrupted by floods of tears, which fell over his cheeks. The other dervises were moved by his address and melted into tears also. Only Omar turned his eyes around as if he had not yet lost all hope.

"Fear not, my brethren, fear not, my companions," began Omar. "I am the youngest, and on that account the least wise of any among you. Will you permit me to speak?"

"They all answered, 'It is permitted.'"

"If it be so," continued Omar, "sustain yourselves. We are not yet lost! There are yet true Turks in Constantinople; I do not true that they are all turned Franks. Have you not seen that whole troop of dervises have come here, and since the saints are so numerous in Constantinople, they lose their importance, no one heeds them. This is the true reason. Let us not be fools. My advice, if it is agreeable to you, is this: To-morrow is Friday; I will stretch myself out stiff, and represent myself dead, you will then carry me into the middle of the street which leads to the great mosque, you shall cover me with a thin shroud and lay me on a board."

"Four of you will remain to watch me, and weep over me. If any of the passers by ask you the reason of your sorrow, you will say to them that one of the brotherhood is dead, and you have

not so much as will bury him in the manner prescribed by our law. No one will be so hard-hearted as not to have compassion at the sight of the dead body. In this way we shall collect money ostentatiously for the funeral. Constantinople is large and has many mosques, and there are twelve of us who can take our turns, if God will. Is this agreeable to you?"

And they answered with one voice, "Be *Aferim*, it is good Omar! Who would have thought that out of such a head so much wisdom would have proceeded?"

"But you shall not be the first," cried Usseine, gaily. "I will be the first, I am the oldest, and then the others can follow in succession."

"Yes, that is right, the oldest shall be first," assented the others.

The dervises could hardly wait patiently for the next day, Friday. When the hour drew near at which the Turks go the mosque, the dervises took up the board on which their elder brother was already stretched out, and went with it to the middle of the street which leads to the mosque of St. Sophia. One winked to the other, and then they began to weep and lament. They had not long indulged in this loud expression of their grief, when Adzia a worshipper noted for his piety, stood before them. "He will give something," thought the dervises. But the hypocritical dervise were soon convinced that men are often deceived while they are striving to deceive others.

"What trouble has befallen you, servants of the Prophets?"

"Oh, do not ask, dearest Adzia, our blessed Usseine has died to day. He was a brave, honorable, and holy man, and the eldest of our number. We poor brethren have not the means to pay the last honors to our elder; we have nothing wherewith to bury him, if some one does not care for his soul. It is a pious work to bury any dead, but how much greater to do this honor to a dervise, the eldest of the dervises, a man of such sanctity."

"My ancestors have done many such pious works, and I will do the same," said the Adzia. "Do not grieve yourselves, go home, it shall be my care to bury him." So saying, he gave two servants who attend him the keys of his dwelling, with orders to carry thither the dead body, and lock it in a room, and then return immediately to the mosque. "And when the hour of evening prayer arrives, when we are called from the mihrab, we will then bury him," he added.

It seemed to the four dervises when they heard these words, as if all Constantinople was turning around them. But there was no help; the servants of Adzia took up the living corpse, and the dervises with heavy hearts were obliged to thank the good Adzia for this labor of love. But who could be so unhappy as these dervises, or more to be pitted than they? The pretended dead man was locked up in the cabinet of the Adzia. How did this courage hold out?

The four returned to their brethren, and as they told what had happened to Usseine, they all fell into a deadly sweat. And poor Omar! They all fell upon him like a white coral. "Foolish boy, we might have known that nothing better would have come from your silly skull." In vain did Omar justify himself, and maintain that they were as foolish as he to follow his counsel. No one would listen to him. Complaint followed complaint, first for their companion and elder, and still more because the people would say the dervises were deceitful people, and practiced hypocritical tricks, and there would be an end to the jeers about them.

There came over the Adzia as he returned from the mosque, a suspicion whether the dervise was actually dead or not. The Adzia was somewhat familiar with the arts of dervises. Occupied with these thoughts he reached his dwelling—and behold his suspicions were justified. On his entrance into the apartment he remarked that a cluster of figs which had been hanging on the wall was no longer there. The hungry rogue of a dervise had eaten them, and then laid down again in his place. The Adzia called the servants and asked whether they had taken away the cluster of figs. Their denial strengthened the suspicion of the Adzia that the dervise only pretended to be dead.

"Recall of a dervise," cried he, "where are my figs, do you hear?" Though the Adzia repeated these words several times mockingly, and touched the apparently dead man with his foot, it was in vain. The dervise was dead, and remained dead, and neither rose nor moved.

At last the Adzia began to beseech him to get up, and assured him that no one should be told the story. The Adzia spent two hours partly in prayers and partly in the thought that he would have him buried alive. All was fruitless. The dervise still remained stiff and stark. Hereupon the Adzia went out and sent his servants into the room, with orders to make the dervise leave the place either by prayers or threats.

But the servants effected nothing, and things remained the same in the Adzia's room till twilight. As it began to grow dark, the Adzia ordered the servants to carry the dervise to the burial place and leave him there. The servants hardly waited for this order, but took him up and hurried him out. But what have they been doing to the dervise in the meantime? They picked him with needles, they pinched him, tickled him on great toe, and slapped him with the palms of their hands, all which the dervise suffered like a martyr for the glory of the brotherhood, for they would have lost much of the respect and consideration of the world if he had betrayed them.

The servants announced to him the threats that they would bury him, if he did not confess his cheat and get up—

When they at last saw that actually all they said and did was in vain, they dug a grave and threw the dervise in it.

"So die, then, if you are so fond of counterfeiting the dead," said the servants, and returned home.

"Now I am saved," thought the dervise; "when all is quiet I will get up out of the dust but I must lie here till toward midnight."

"To get out of the grave was not very difficult for him, as the Turks cover their dead but lightly. Who would have thought that the hard case of the dervise would turn out well, and so much deceit and hypocrisy have a good ending?"

Toward midnight Usseine heard a noise—he thought his companions had come to take him out. He raised his head, and what did he see?—more than twenty robbers approaching his grave.

"We will stop here," said the leader; "here, near this fresh grave we are most secure."

The others assented, and spreading out their cloaks, seated themselves to divide their money and stolen goods. "The eye is greedy when the cake is cutting," says the proverb, and so the robbers kept crying out among each other, one, "That for me," and another, "No, I will have that."

Halloa! see how the brave robbers scamper, as Usseine stretched his hand out of the grave and cried out:

"And what for me?"

This unexpected voice sounded to the frightened robbers like thunder. They did not take time to put on their caps—they only shouted:

"Run, who can."

Our dervise did not neglect to make use of this fortunate accident. He ran to the end of the graveyard almost naked, as he had been buried. As he turned about he found the brotherhood, the other eleven dervises, who had come to reclaim him, and who had witnessed the whole scene; and now the dervises divided among themselves the robbers' booty, with the clothes they had left behind them.

The robbers meantime sent one of the boldest of their number back with orders to look about carefully, but not enter the graveyard. The messenger heard a sound of many voices, and crept, half dead, back to his comrades. "Dear brothers," he could hardly speak from his deadly fear, "he is longer alone—there is a great multitude, all the departed souls have assembled there. Let us fly!"

Each dervise took off as much as he could carry; arrived at their inn, they thanked Allah for such a great favor, and that he had not left his faithful sons in their need. They all kissed the feet of Usseine, their elder and benefactor. Who was so joyful as young Omar, not so much over their wealth he had gained, as because he was relieved from the incessant reproaches and blame of his brethren.

"Say again now that Omar was a numskul," cried he, with excitement. The brotherhood Islam was shortly the most respected in all Constantinople. The fame of the sanctity of this order forced the other dervises soon to leave Constantinople, because they were in such favor with the people. But Usseine's party remained. Omar was selected by his brethren to be the successor of Usseine, and Omar's word had great weight with his brethren, though he never undertook to recommend another such artifice. But this was not necessary, as they had henceforth a superfluity of everything they needed.

Gloomy Prospects of the Eastern War.

The London Times, August 23, has a very gloomy record of the war. "We are in," it says, "for another winter campaign;" and it adds of the attack:

"So, the great day, that dreadful day of which it may almost be said, in comparison with all the other conflicts of human passion and outpouring of human vengeance, *Dies ira, dies illa, luce splendet* et *familia*, is still indefinitely postponed, and no body can say in what month it will come. We only know that the longer it is postponed the more dreadful it will be, and still our opinion, one certainty about it, and that is, whether we take Sebastopol or not, we shall still have to winter in our present position. When Sebastopol falls into our hands it will be a mere heap of ruins with all the horrors of the charnel house. With the enemy still in possession of the north side, the south side will only be the front of our own attack, as bloody and wretched as our present advanced trenches. So that whether we take Sebastopol or not we shall still have to occupy the heights throughout the ensuing winter."

Tents, we are also told, will not do for winter, and the 50,000 huts promised are not under way, and the army cannot be well housed before Christmas. The editor nevertheless concludes:

"We are still for pressing on the siege with the utmost expedition, and with all the means in our power, and preparing with even lavish provision for all the thousand contingencies of a winter campaign. Above all, let there be no doubt as to the means of communication from the camp to the harbor, which must be—as it has all along been—our only base of operations."

"Julius, spouse dere is six chickens in a coop, and de man sells tree, how many is dere left?" "What time of day was it?" "Why, what has dat to do with it?" "A good deal, honey. It was arter dark, dere wad be nun left, dat is if you happen to come along dat way."

A Pennsylvania editor says:—Somebody brought one bottle of soured water into our office with the request to notice it as "lemon." If it was green enough to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that he will tell a four shilling lie, for five cents.

THE BRIDAL WINE GLASS.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "pledge with wine," ran through the crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and then the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her head beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye was towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noted the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinions soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles towards Marion. She was still very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together; for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it was some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you." "I see," she added, slowly, pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid—"a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen—I will paint it for you, if I can. It is a lonely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure rise with awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there—a group of Indians gather; they sit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheek how deathly, his eye wild with the effect of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say needs; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy-looking brow! why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws back the dark curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously, his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat—"see! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; She still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup.

"It is evening now, the great white moon is coming up, and its beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of his father and sister; death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner—that what she described seemed actually to have taken place, then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands, and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster, and her voice more and more broken; "and there without a shroud they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father—the only the idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother!—a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks; "Father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothering voice he faltered—"No, no, my child, in God's name—no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a fearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to the table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. No! firm are the everlasting hills that my resolve, God helping me, never to taste or touch that terrible poison. And he to whom I have

given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer thereby the river in that land of gold—I trust, sustain me in that resolve; will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes—his sad, sweet smile was her answer. The Judge left the room, and when an hour after he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once, and forever, from his princely home.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impressions so solemnly made; many from that hour foreswore the social glass.—*Olive Branch.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—The

Lynchburg Virginian of Thursday, says: "We are not in the habit of reading this Journal, but several persons who are have called upon us to warn the people of the South against it, as a wolf in sheep's clothing. Purporting to have nothing to do with parties or politics, to be designed for the home circle and fireside, we are informed that, in the late negro-robbing trial in Philadelphia, it has taken a position and uttered sentiments which entitle it to the execration of all Southern men. In ordinary matters, a variance of opinion between an editor of a paper and its readers is the silliest of reasons for a withdrawal of support—but for the people of the South to contribute their means to sustain a Journal that is feeding the flames of fanaticism in the North and imperiling all that is dear to them as citizens and men, would be criminal, if it were not idiotic. From all that we can learn, it is doubtful whether any other Journal has so large a circulation in the Southern States, as this Saturday Evening Post. It has but little short of a hundred subscribers here in Lynchburg, and goes in larger or smaller packages to almost every Post-office in the country. We leave its readers to determine whether the doctrines it preaches are such as Southern people should encourage, or whether, if they need family Journals, they may not as well support those published in the Southern States. We could name several such, as cheap and as entertaining in all respects as the Post.

FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS IN TEXAS.—The latest Texas papers state that Lieut. Randal, of Maj. Ruff's command, while scouting, came across a party of fifteen Indians, near Eagle Springs, on the El Paso road, of whom he killed twelve and took one prisoner. They further add:

"The Indians only fired one shot, and that was by the chief, from a government rifle. He was killed immediately after he fired, by the guide, and scalped by Lieut. Randal. It was not known that there were any squaws with the party till after the fight, when it was discovered that more than one-half the party were females dressed as males. So much for their wearing breeches. Eight horses and all their property fell into the hands of Lieut. Randal."

LABOR IN IRELAND.—In a recent letter from Dublin to the London Times we find the following paragraph:

"Great complaints of the scarcity of hands come from all quarters of the country. The continuance of the exodus and the embodiment of the militia have combined to narrow the labor market to a most inconvenient limit. Some idea of the demand for the agricultural laborers may be learned from the fact, that in one district (Limerick) the farmers are paying 12s 6d per day (wet or dry weather) and diet, and on Monday morning, when fine weather set in, hands were eagerly picked up at 2s 6d per day and board."

KANSAS LANDS.—The question is frequently asked, "When will the vast regions of fertile land now embraced within the Kansas Territory be thrown open to location and settlement?" It has been ascertained at the General Land Office, that in about twelve